



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

And can it then be I shall ne'er see again,
One whom I ne'er saw except with delight,
That I never shall hear that enlivening strain,
Which was varied and soft as the songster of night :

Shall I ne'er again bask in the beam of that eye,
Which was brilliant and speaking, soul-thrilling, yet soft,
Ne'er breathe forth again the heart-issuing sigh,
Which thy ravishing smiles have caused me oft ?

Is that exquisite person suffused with grace,
That mind where vivacity constantly shone ;
That sparkling good nature which couch'd in thy face ;
That feeling and taste which ne'er left thee alone ?

Are these favours of heaven, these triumphs of art,
Which envious Fortune so vainly assail'd,
And more than all these, is the warmth of thy heart,
All quench'd in the grave to be deeply bewail'd ?

If that land where I left thee no longer contains,
That form and that soul which I vainly regret,
If the dark ocean which now between us remains,
Is eternity's sea, ne'er retravers'd as yet !

Then farewell to thee ! and the land that contain'd thee,
Farewell to the place where I lov'd thee so well,
Farewell to *the* castle—*the* garden—*the* city—
Dear angelick spirit ! a solemn farewell !

THE PEACOCK AND THE NIGHTINGALE,

A PEACOCK met in silvan dale
That tuneful bird, the Nightingale.
To praise one's self is not so wise,
Though many do it to the skies
Says Pea, " thy talent much assumes,
But what are songs to matchless plumes ?"

The bird of note with less of pride,
In softest melody replied ;

“ Musick the soul can soothe and feast,
And equals gaudy plumes at least.”

The sober night advancing mute,
Came on to settle this dispute.
At eve the Peacock's bright display
Was lost: all birds by night are gray;
While musick floating o'er the farms,
Acquired by night, uncommon charms.

Intrinsick talents worth can raise
Above mere beauty's brightest blaze:
Beauty, at times, some men adore,
Talents, all men forevermore.

ARMORICUS.

SIR,

I OFFER you the following attempt at a translation of the third Satire of Boileau, who must always be a favourite with the readers of French literature. Lord Lyttelton in his “ Dialogues of the Dead,” has drawn a parallel, ingenious enough, between him and Pope, in which he accords the superiority to the latter. But this was national partiality, of which if other proof was wanting, the opinion of Johnson, (and who was sufficiently sturdy in his national prejudices,) would be sufficient to shew it to be unfounded. There is no modern writer in any language, who has so many claims to the perfection of a classick model, and he has perhaps gone to the utmost limits of the French language to attain it. His *Lutrin* and his Satires are in point of taste, energy, harmony, and exquisitely appropriate versification, an object of admiration to all those who know the difficulty of excelling in these.—It will be seen that Goldsmith was indebted to this satire, (as Boileau was before indebted to Horace) for the spirit of his verses entitled the “ Haunch of Venison.” Leigh Hunt also, in his “ Feast of the Poets,” has shewn many traces of a similar imitation. The French poet, however, rises beyond comparison over these and all his other imitators, in that genuine caustick wit, which it is as difficult to describe as it is to imitate, and in what may be called a pure, *old fash-*